

THE  
Johnson Journal

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Fall Issue, 1938



# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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(The cover was designed by Lottie Kozlowski, '42)



## EDITORIAL



### SILENCE OF FEAR

When you are tempted to be silent, ask yourself whether your silence is the silence of fear. In some instances it is just a question of whether you know the answer or not. However, in many cases people remain silent because they are afraid to answer. For example, in school sometimes a pupil thinks he knows the answer. Some pupils immediately raise their hands, while others sit back and try not to attract attention. This latter type of pupil is afraid of what the class is thinking of his answer. He also is probably afraid of any comment the teacher will make in front of the class about his answer. His imagination often becomes so great that he feels as though he were making a spectacle of himself, while in reality he is no different from any pupil getting up to answer.

Therefore, the next time you are called upon in class, if you have the desire to sit back in silence, ask yourself whether it is a question of not knowing or of being afraid to stand up and talk.

Kathleen Long, '40

### COURTESY

Have you got it? Perhaps you have it in some degree, but certainly you don't exercise it all the time.

I refer to courtesy, a trait we sometimes seem to have forgotten, but one which still makes a very pleasant impression. Don't you remember when some motorist has asked a direction from you in such a demanding way that you feel inclined to say you have

never heard of the place? And haven't other motorists inquired so pleasantly that you liked them on the spot? That is the effect of courtesy. Courtesy will smooth out your way wherever you are.

But don't wait to impress people with your courtesy. You can't start to be courteous all at once. If you try to you'll slip up. Courtesy is primarily thinking of others first, and if you have always put yourself first you will find you really aren't able to change in an instant at will. Use your courtesy in your daily life. Use it in school.

School would be improved a good deal by a little courtesy. The corridors would be pleasanter if just a few more people would wait for some one else to go ahead of them. Don't throw papers around other people's desks. If you do and they find out who did it they are liable to forget to be courteous, and you wouldn't want that to happen. And if you're noisy in study periods you will hurt the friend who has to do three hours' work in forty minutes.

Courtesy is so pleasant both to give and to receive that we ought to bring more of it into our daily life.

Virginia Carvell, '39

### IS IT BETTER TO STUDY ALONE OR WITH A CLASSMATE?

Mary, armed with four or five text books, has gone to Ruth's house to study as is her usual procedure every school evening. After a conversation which lasts about half an hour and takes in every happening at school that day, the girls spread their books



on the dining room table and commence to study. Algebra comes first. Mary completes one problem but has difficulty with the second so Ruth does it for her. Everything goes along well until both come to the seventh which really is a sticker and which neither can do. After a short conference in which it is agreed that the problem should never have been printed in a first year algebra book and that it is probably a misprint anyway, the girls change the subject to history. Both read along at a rapid pace, frowning frequently and remarking often on the dryness of the subject. Suddenly the radio is turned on and "A Tisket-A Tasket" is blasted forth by Benny Goodman. Both girls jump up and start to shag, an activity at which they are skillful as a result of much practice on similar evenings. Homework is forgotten. They both have a spare the first period anyway.

The above is an example of two typical high school girls doing homework together. It is perfectly natural that the girls are unable to get down to work when they are together. It is much easier to let someone else do your hard algebra examples for you than to do them yourself. It is natural for one to want to dance when one hears dance music. And it is much easier on the conscience to leave the homework unfinished when there is someone else to leave his unfinished, too. The point is, why not do your homework alone first, and then have your fun?

Beside the fact that one's attention is distracted from his studies when he works with someone else, is the fact that in so doing he lessens his ability to think for himself. The only work which one receives any benefit from is that which he has to think

about and figure out for himself. If he lets someone else do his hard work or if he leaves it undone, he has not profited at all.

To sum up briefly all that I have said—studying with a classmate destroys the purpose of home study, that is, ability to take responsibility.

Hilda Binns, '39

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## APPEARANCE

The appearance of a person makes a great difference to an employer. If you are seeking a position the first rule to remember is neatness. Not only neatness in dress, but neatness in general appearance will also add to your chances of employment. Do you think an employer would care to employ a person with untidy hair, excess make-up, grimy hands and fingernails and a general unkempt appearance? Certainly not. He would surmise that you would also be untidy and slovenly in your work. Plain tailored clothes are the correct attire for job hunting. Fussy, over-decorated clothes will just be a handicap to you, so don't try to impress the employer with your bows and ruffles. Remember, then, neatness in appearance and plainness in dress will be an asset to you and undoubtedly will make a favorable impression upon your employer.

Katherine Wainwright, '40

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## A WELL DRESSED

### HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

She wears a dingy blouse and a skirt that is too long. The seams of her stockings are twisted. Her shoes need to be shined and the heels are run over. She is just the opposite of the well dressed high school girl.

The main essential of being well dressed is being neat. The student

should not wear dresses that are too long. Neither should they be too short. She must be sure her stocking seams are straight. Her shoes must be neat and polished. Neatness makes the most inexpensive clothes look as if they cost twice as much.

To be well dressed a school girl does not have to have a great many clothes. A couple of skirts and a few sweaters and blouses make almost an entire school wardrobe. Skirts and sweaters are practical and comfortable. Many girls have what is called a basic dress. This is a simple dress on which you can wear different collars and scarfs. A change of accessories makes the dress look altogether different. A warm jacket and ski pants are worn for skiing and winter sports, and the jacket alone for walking to and from school. A long coat is needed for dress up occasions.

The cost of a wardrobe such as the one just described would not necessarily be very high. If the student can sew or knit she might make some of her blouses or knit some of the sweaters. A school girl should not have to spend a lot of money on clothes.

A high school girl can be well-dressed with very little trouble and expense.

Mary Peel, '39

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## WORKING DURING VACATION

An important reason for working during vacation is to gain experience. To prove this statement is a very simple matter. If one looked in the want ads in the section under "Employment," one would probably find these words, "Wanted — Kitchen Help, Experience Necessary." If the other ads were examined, the same would be found in many cases. This

is why working during vacation proves a valuable asset later in procuring employment.

Robert Cunningham, '40

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## WASTE OF TIME IN SCHOOL

It is a mild, warm day in autumn as we look into a classroom of about sixty children. One of the first noticeable facts is the general uneasiness and restlessness prevailing. Here and there are pupils walking to the pencil sharpener, the bookcase, or to the waste basket. Requests to speak and to leave the room are numerous. The teacher finally sighs and states that everyone will stay in if they do not settle down. She further voices the fact that they are only wasting time. At that remark the students look at one another. Wasting time! What a nerve she had! Why, they had studied a whole chapter. Oh, maybetherewere another few pages remaining but they had studied the first two pages very well. Perhaps they couldn't answer any questions you might ask them on those two pages but they had studied them all the same.

Every motion made that was unnecessary was a waste of time. Glancing around the room, watching your neighbors' antics, sharpening your pencil needlessly, whispering, writing notes, or any other idle gestures are merely time wasting actions.

One of the main faults of time wasting is the fact that the time waster not only uses his own time idly but that of others also. The person who fidgets and moves about not only disturbs his own study but also interrupts the work of those about him who want to study. Then in his class he wastes the teacher's time through hesitation and guesswork about the lesson he should have studied.



The classroom should be quiet, still, and as good a place to work in as a library. If everyone would remain seated, periods would indeed be satisfactory for study. If every one of those wasted minutes were

utilized and spent in study, everyone would be surprised at the amount of work he could accomplish. Time will never hang heavily on a person if he does not waste it.

Benjamin Isherwood, Jr., '39



## LITERARY



### I MUST HAVE PROOF

"No," declared Anne, shaking her curly head aggressively, "I won't believe it until I have absolute, definite proof."

She dragged the faded, red plush armchair nearer to the fireplace, and sat down heavily on it. Curling her feet up under her, kitten fashion, she stared pensively at the leaping flames, her eyes following involuntarily the fantastic shadows on the hearth. Recalled to reality by the squeaking of the hall door, Anne threw a furtive glance over her shoulder into the black, inky, darkness outside the rain-spattered window. The moan of the weeping willow tree on the side lawn came to her ears, and the wind howled dismally around all the corners of the house. A brilliant flash of lightning brought to view the vivid outline of a lone pine tree in the meadow, standing like a sentinel on guard. Anne twitched the corner of her handkerchief in her nervous fingers, and shivering slightly, drew her sweater more closely about her shoulders.

"Before I go to bed tonight," she resolved, "I'll get some strong wire from the cellar and put it on that picture of Mother because, after all, it has been hanging there on the

same wire ever since she died ten years ago."

She had no sooner uttered these words than a terrific crash of thunder seemed to shake the very foundations of the old house, and sent the Chinese vase which stood on the shelf just below the picture, crashing to the floor. It was smashed to smithereens. Anne was too terrified to go and pick up the pieces, and unwillingly, her mind wandered to the story Aunt Ellen had related to her this evening.

"Yes, my dear," Aunt Ellen had said, "when a picture falls from the wall, you may be sure a death will follow." Anne had very frankly expressed her doubts concerning such a superstition so Aunt Ellen had gone on to tell Anne of her own personal experience.

"It was just such a night as this," began Aunt Ellen as she adjusted her spectacles. "The night was windy and a horrible storm was raging outside. Mrs. Briggs was sick and so I went over to make some broth for her. We were talking in the kitchen about Sally Brown's new beau, Mr. Jones, who had a broken leg, and about a few other things of interest in the neighborhood. Suddenly a resounding crash was heard. It apparently had come from the other side of the house where I lived. I rushed down the cellar stairs, through

the opening that led into my cellar and dashed up the stairs, pausing at the top step to catch my breath. Putting my hand on the door knob I turned it softly, fearful of what might greet me when I opened the door."

Just at this point of the story Aunt Ellen's eagle eyes had detected some imaginary specks of dust on the buffet, so she had hurried to the closet and put the duster to work. Then she smoothed wrinkles from a lace doily—wrinkles which could be seen by no one except Aunt Ellen.

Anne had sighed impatiently so Aunt Ellen had resumed her seat and continued.

"As I was saying,—" she had begun thoughtfully and paused, wrinkling her brow.

"You opened the cellar door," prompted Anne.

"Ah, yes," replied Aunt Ellen, "I opened the cellar door and peered cautiously all around the kitchen. Everything was in order. Less frightened, I entered the living room and there on the floor lay the immense, framed picture of your great grandfather, face downward on the floor! I had heard the saying that when a picture fell a death would follow, but the thought did not scare me, as I was not inclined to be superstitious. I turned toward the cellar door, with the intention of going back to tell Mrs. Briggs what had caused the noise, when the front doorbell rang. Strangely, it had an unfamiliar, sharp ring which struck me as I hastened to the door, somewhat provoked that visitors should call at such an inopportune moment. You can imagine my surprise when a blue-uniformed boy handed me a telegram.

"‘Sign on the dotted line, please,’ he said.

"With shaking hand, I scribbled my name hastily on the smudgy, yellow paper, and then went back into the kitchen to read the message. The words forced themselves into my muddled brain, ‘Come at once. Mother has passed away. Jane.’"

Thus Aunt Ellen had finished her narrative and Anne had sat for a long while, wondering about the strange occurrence. It was this story that gave her the eerie feeling that she had while sitting before the fire. Again the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed, and Anne, unable to sit still any longer, got up slowly from the chair, determined to change the wiring on the picture before her, at once. She walked slowly and unsteadily to the table and leaning against it, she uttered a shrill, piercing, blood-curdling scream!

Aunt Ellen rushed in from the kitchen. Just as she threw open the living room door, an unusually strong flash of lightning put out all the lights in the house, and a long rolling, moaning, peal of thunder echoed and re-echoed down the dark hallways. In the next flash of lightning Aunt Ellen saw that which made her gasp and sink to her knees. The large picture that had hung over the fireplace lay face downward on the floor and beside it lay Anne's huddled, lifeless form.

Frances McRobbie, '39

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### OLD BILL'S HUNTING

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A story told by a friend and guide about an old fellow who worked for him. (Told in his own words.)

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Well, sir, about three years ago there was an old feller that worked



for me. He was a good man but he had a weak head. He couldn't remember nothin'.

Well, one day old Bill came to me and said, "Arthur, will you go hunting with me, tomorrow?"

"Sure!" I said. "I'll be ready at five."

Well, Bill was ready the next morning and we went hunting. 'Round about seven, we were quite a way in the wood when I heard, "Yow! Arthur, c'mere! Quick!"

Well sir, I got to that voice in two seconds flat. It was Bill. He'd shot his first bear. A sizable one too. But just then I looked up and there was another one. Bill's gun was empty but he got up and clubbed away. In two seconds Mr. Bear was on the ground. "Now," said Bill, "we'll see about this." We skinned the bears. The first was the one Bill had shot. The second, well, that proved to be one of the men who was always trying to scare Bill. We dragged him home and put him to bed. When he got back to work again, he was the laughing stock of the whole gang. Well sir, you can lay a ten-spot on the table that he didn't play any more jokes on old Bill. No, nor anybody else either, for he quit the next day and was never seen around here again. As for old Bill, he died soon after and is now resting peacefully on the old hill back of my house.

Alfred Desjardins, '42

### MY CONQUEST

Two small, tousled heads came out of a huddle, my sister whooping with glee and expectancy, and I with the resigned look of a martyr. Two yellow straws had decided that I was to be the rider of a gentle black and white calf which munched contentedly on some green grass, stopping

now and then to look uneasily in our direction as if she knew trouble were brewing. Sister was to be the judge and was to give a grand prize if I stayed on five minutes.

Patting the calf gently on the nose, I suddenly grabbed her ears and leaped on, landing in a precarious position. She kicked up her hoofs and plunged forward, her tail high above her head like a white banner. She lunged forward, loosening my grip on her ears. My arms were flung about her neck. As she shot ahead, I saw her carrying me nearer and nearer to a tumble down stone wall. She balked, reared and ma-a-a-ed plaintively as she sped toward the barn. Suddenly, in one final, mighty attempt at ridding herself of my unwanted presence, she kicked up her small white hind hoofs high into the air. She succeeded! The next thing I knew I was on the good, hard earth, trying hard to push back the tears welling up in my eyes, swallowing hard on a lump in my throat, and nursing my bruised and bleeding knees.

Bounding enthusiastically toward me, Sister exploded, "Gee, sis, you were swell! Boy, oh boy! Did you stick! And guess what! You can have that beauty of a calf all for yourself!"

Dorothy Dainowski, '40

### AUTUMN

Far away upon the hill,  
There stood a maple tree,  
It grew and flourished with a will,  
And waved its branches strong and free.  
The leaves gave forth a brilliant glow,  
And sailed toward the earth below.

Ruby Cochrane, '39

## MY BURGLAR

One night I was awakened quite suddenly by a curious sound. Sitting up, I listened to see if it would be repeated. Sure enough, there it was again. It sounded like footsteps.

I got out of bed quickly, but quietly. Groping around on the floor, I found my slippers and quickly put them on. I went out of the room and felt my way downstairs. I went in the direction of the kitchen, for that was where the noises came from.

I stood at the kitchen door and looked into the room. I could hardly make out the shadowy figure of a man. I was filled with apprehension and wondered whether I should call Daddy. Just then my burglar turned and came toward me. Filled with fear I turned and ran toward the stairs. But a chair seemed to pop up from nowhere and I stumbled over it. I lay on the floor trembling and filled with fear. My toe throbbed with pain, for although I had worn both my slippers I had lost both footgear in the flight for safety.

The figure now moved steadily toward me. I heard a familiar voice saying, "What are you doing out of bed?"

"Looking for my burglar, Dad," was my reply.

Gertrude Cook, '42

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## TWO DROPS OF WATER

A drop of rain and a drop of dew—just what difference is there between these two? If we look into the sky some summer day we shall see great banks of clouds tinged with silver and gold. These clouds rising like mountains, are really made up of particles of fog and mist. These particles of fog are thrown together by currents of air, forming a single

drop. Still other particles are added until the drop becomes so heavy that it is unable to float. Then it falls to the earth as a drop of rain. Now let us look at a drop of dew. After a summer day, even when there has been no rain, soon after the sun has set behind a rosy cloud the grass becomes so damp that one's feet are wet in walking through it. This is caused by the dew falling. The grass has been warmed during the daytime by the sun, but when the sun has gone the grass grows cooler. This grass chills the air near it, thereby changing the water vapor to a liquid. This liquid collects on the grass as drops of dew. Thus we see, though there is a similarity between them, there is still quite a difference between these two drops of water.

Dorothy Dainowski, '40

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## MORE OF THE SAME

Literally dew and rain are very similar, but figuratively they are as different as two things can be from each other. Dew always makes me think of early morning, fresh, sweet and undefiled. It comes over night and brings with it another day in which one may start to live anew. Authors and poets often use it in beautiful phrases which express something that comes refreshingly and ethereally. On the other hand, rain reminds me of a dismal autumn day, a dreary day during which one longs to be inside near a warm fire and hear its beating down on the roof. It causes one to feel melancholy and downhearted. It is used by writers during emotional crises such as despondency, insanity, and weirdness. So dew is like the fairies' nectar while rain is like a bitter draught.

Katherine Wainwright, '40



## "FRESH" IMPRESSIONS

Sept. 7. In high school at last.  
Home rooms. Schedules. Piles of  
books proudly carried home to im-  
press the neighbors.

Sept. 26. Snooped through the door  
of Room 12 to view the culprits in  
detention.

Oct. 3. Found myself there.

Oct. 10. Dancing lessons. Catchy  
swing and rhythmic waltzes.

Oct. 14. Senior-Freshman Party!!

Oct. 28. The axe has fallen. Down  
to work.

Edward McCallion, '42

## IN SCHOOL

Life bustles on with earnest haste,  
And then, again relaxes,  
As in the school room, here, I sit  
Observing, watching, spying.

Before me sits a red haired girl  
With long and skinny arms  
And on her face expressed a look  
Of nervous petulance.

In back of me I turn to see  
One of the honor students  
And as he lifts his eye I see  
A questioning expression.

On one side a young giant sits  
With long angular limbs  
And on his face is clearly marked  
Stony bewilderment.

And down there is a pretty girl  
Tho' she's rather a vacant face.  
The question lies in her dark eyes  
"I wonder, who will be my mate?"

But now, I pause and comes a thought  
What do they think of me?  
I, who calmly sit and judge  
Their virtues or the faults that be.

Oh Lord, deliver me from I  
And stop my silly rambling  
For well I know the man ne'er was  
Who other's minds can reason.

Lois Pitkin, '39

THE BALLAD OF  
HAMPSHIRE MOOR

Dark was the night on Hampshire  
Moor,

Black was the sky above,  
Faint was the ocean's distant roar,  
List' close to my song, my love.

Over the dark and lonesome moor,  
Under the murky sky,  
Young Owen rode to meet his love,  
Hark to my song, say I.

Near, O near to the ocean's roar,  
In a cottage neat to see,  
Lived Bonny Belle, young Owen's  
love,  
Oh listen, my love, to me.

Sweet, ah sweet, was Bonny Belle,  
Fair as the flowers in May,  
But she had a cousin evil with hate,  
List' close to what I say.

Jealous the cousin of Bonny Belle,  
Of a maid so sweet and fair,  
And he planned a deed as dark as  
the night,  
Oh listen, my love, with care.

All on a dark and lonesome night,  
While the sky was dark above,  
The evil cousin slew Bonny Belle,  
Oh listen with care, my love.

There on the black and lonesome  
Moor,  
While young Owen rode to his love,  
The evil cousin young Owen slew,  
Oh list with care, my love.

And now, they say, on Hampshire  
Moors,  
When the nights are dark and long,  
Young Owen meets Fair Bonny  
Belle,  
This ends, my love, my song.

Laurel Ayer, '41





## RECORD



*Paul Medolo, '41*

### CLASS ELECTIONS HELD

The Senior Class unanimously re-elected their last year's class officers at a class meeting on September 28.

The officers are:

President	Thomas Pendlebury
Vice-President	Arthur Banker
Sec.-Treasurer	Ruth Whittaker

The Junior Class held their election on October 5. There was a rather close fight for all offices. Victorious were:

President	Philip Miller
Vice-President	Robert Cunningham
Sec.-Treas.	Katherine Wainwright

The Sophomore Class emulated the Seniors in electing all their officers unanimously.

President	Robert Sullivan
Vice-President	Edward Garneau
Secretary	Helen Polichnowski

The Freshman Class has been electing its officers in installments. At their first meeting on October 14 they elected Daniel McCarthy president. At a second meeting one week later they elected George Gildea vice-president.

### CLUB NOTES

Wednesday, October 26, the clubs held their first meetings. The following officers were elected:

#### HOBBY CLUB

President	Lois Pitkin
Sec.-Treas.	Ruth Curley

#### CHEMISTRY CLUB

President	Thomas Lesure
Secretary	Dorothy Dainowski
Treasurer	William Driscoll

#### BASKETBALL CLUB

President	Frances McRobbie
Sec.-Treas.	Lillian Maker

#### ETIQUETTE CLUB

President	Charlotte Kruschwitz
Vice-President	Mary Carroll
Secretary	Doris Wilson
Treasurer	Joyce Chadwick

#### SUB-DEB CLUB

President	Ruth Whittaker
Vice-President	Virginia Woodhouse
Secretary	Lillian Burns
Treasurer	Rita Fogarty

#### DRAMATIC CLUB

President	Robert Garneau
Vice-President	Ruth Derby
Sec.-Treas.	Betty Roberts

## GLEE CLUB

President Marguerite Kenyon  
 Vice-President Helene Richards  
 Sec.-Treas. Isabelle McKinnon

## CHEFS' CLUB

President George Martin  
 Vice-President Robert Hall  
 Sec.-Treas. Kenneth Brierley

## MODEL BUILDERS' CLUB

President John Knowles  
 Vice-President Daniel Valpey  
 Sec.-Treas. Glenn Farley

## ALUMNI NOTES

Thomas Ceplikas has been elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He is in his last year at Tufts College.

John James, '38, is attending Northeastern University.

Mary Gray, '38, is now at the McIntosh Business School.

Hazel Blanch, '38, is at Bryant and Stratton in Boston.

Clarkson Earl and Robert Young, '38, are both attending the New York Military Academy.

Clayton Kennedy is now at St. John's Prep School.

## SENIOR-FRESHMAN PARTY

A success? It certainly was. We all had a grand, great, and glorious time from the "Ratz Cafe" playlet to the last dance. The Senior boys wrote the play and did a fine job of making our sides ache from laughter and then scaring us half to death by putting out the lights and shooting off guns. During the evening four different games were played. The first was the most hilarious. The Senior boys and girls had to put on clothes that were in a bag; the Freshman ladies and gentlemen had to don those in a box. It seemed that the Freshmen had the worst articles to get into, but they came out victorious. The next game was the

marshmallow and string race which was very funny to watch, but the contestants didn't think it so funny to be eating so much string, just for a marshmallow. Again the Freshmen were the winners. However, the Seniors made up for their losses by winning the newspaper race. The contestants had to dress themselves in newspapers and then run the length of the hall. Can you imagine dignified (?) Seniors doing that and winning? The last game proved to be very interesting but not as comical as the others. It consisted of filling in blanks with teachers' names to make a logical and sensible story. After the games, we danced to the music of the Whirlitza, a nickelodeon. At the intermission, doughnuts and cider were served. The doughnuts were many in number, very tasty, and the cider, oh, so good! (Psst!—it came from Boxford). The party came to a finish with a series of romantic waltzes. (How about it, Mr. Donovan. *Nicht wahr?*) The Freshmen turned out finely for the dances. Everyone had a very enjoyable and happy evening and not *too* much cider.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM:  
THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE

The current series of assembly programs got off to an excellent start with a lecture upon the marvels of science, delivered by Mr. Glenn Morris, of Madison, Wis. The program was profusely illustrated by experiments, all performed with home-made apparatus.

The program began with a thrilling discharge of artificial lightning, followed by another electrical discharge, consisting of sparks traveling at terrific speed. By means of a whirling disc, illustrating the prin-



ciple of the stroboscope, it became possible to "count" these sparks.

The second portion of the program was concerned with that natural phenomenon which is called magnetism. Mr. Morris explained that by cutting a magnetic field he could produce an electrical discharge. He utilized such a discharge to ring a bell. However, the curious part of the demonstration came when the bell continued to ring, even when the magnetic field was removed. He explained that this was due to the magnetic influence of the earth, and incidentally, it illustrated the principle of the inductor compass, a recent aid to navigation.

Next came a demonstration of the marvels of radio. The lecturer ignited a piece of paper from a distance, using only radio waves, and then showed how radio might be used to illuminate lighthouses and airplane beacons. The most interesting part came, however, when he ignited the fuse of a formidable firecracker and then retired to a safe distance, leaving the audience in dire suspense. The anticipated explosion did not come, however, and it soon became apparent that wooden fireworks, such as this, are quite incapable of violence. Still smiling over the psychological effect of his last experiment, Mr. Morris went on to an illustrated discussion of the principle and applications of that device commonly called the "electric eye."

Returning once again to high pressure electricity, he showed how steel wires might be welded together by high frequency current while being held in the mouth. This demonstration required the help of two assistants, and Messrs. Ayer and Garvey courageously responded to the plea. Utilizing these hapless victims, Mr.

Morris showed how electric lamps could be illuminated from powerful electric current, made to travel over the skin. The subject of high pressure electricity then closed with a demonstration of how electricity may be sent through the air without the aid of wires of any kind.

The finale, which proved to be uncomfortable enough for the two assistants, came when "real gunpowder" was exploded upon a board held by them. Instead of proving destructive, the explosion merely set free an American flag, a notable act of patriotism.

When the striking program was over, the audience reluctantly left the hall, filled with memories of an enjoyable hour in the realm of science.

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### SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR PARTY

On Saturday night, October 22, the Juniors and Sophomores held a social interclass dance in the High School Hall.

An interesting drama was given by the following cast: Bing Miller, Ed Garneau, Bob Sullivan, Red Greenwood, Bob Cunningham. Music for followers of the Terpsichorean art was furnished by a nickelodeon borrowed for the occasion.

One feature of the dancing was the Prize Waltz, which was won by Joseph Vigman, Elaine Kelly, Bob Hall, and Lillian Polichnowski. A broom dance also added to the fun. Doughnuts and cider were served after the Grand March.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Hall and Mr. Cavalieri were present as chaperons. The committee in charge were: Philip Miller, Robert Cunningham, Robert Sullivan, Katherine Wainwright, Agnes McNab, Helen Polichnowski, Barbara Dearden, and Edward Garneau.



## THE DEMERIT SYSTEM

Woe to those who are doomed to time in detention room, for the demerit system is now under way! The name "demerit system" doesn't seem so terrifying but let's look into the meaning! For those whose favorite sport during spares or as the teachers insist, study periods, is making life pleasant for themselves and miserable for the teachers, cast an eye down this list and behold your doom!

Gum chewing, candy eating, etc.—one-half hour.

Whispering and talking without permission—one-half hour.

Passing notes—one-half hour.

Throwing chalk, paper, etc.—one hour.

Boisterous conduct in class or corridors—one hour.

The following types of misconduct will lead to immediate suspension with one hour per day to be made up for ten days if suspension is lifted: insolence, smoking on school property, leaving school property during school hours without permission. Other types of conduct will be dealt with as the teachers see fit.

Pupils who fail to report to detention period on the day assigned will have their time doubled on the next day. If they fail to report on the second day they will be under suspension from all classes until the time is completed.

Each one-half hour of time assigned to a pupil because of discipline will count as one demerit. Fifteen demerits in any one term or thirty demerits in any one school year will automatically lead to suspension from school for five school days and a report of the suspension

made to the school committee. In case of a second suspension during any school year, the pupil will be required to report before the school board and show cause why he should not be permanently excluded from this school.

Demerits will not be assigned in cases of tardiness or in cases where pupils are sent to afternoon session for study.

There seem to be fewer culprits in Room 12 at 2:15 since the introduction of the demerit system.

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## PERSONAL ITEMS

Did you know that James Shaw and Jimmy Nutter have just entered into the noble (?) art of dancing? They made their debut at the Senior-Freshman party.

The Sophomores have two new members in their class this year—Edna Jones from Framingham and Muriel Chadwick from Chicago. Muriel, by the way, made quite an impression along cheerleading lines, beating long-confirmed Johnsonites to a position.

I'll bet Robert Ayer still jumps whenever he touches anything metallic by accident.

Robert Downing, in an attempt to make the hanging in the "Ratz Cafe" play more effective, really got the rope caught around his neck and almost choked.

Wonder how President Daniel McCarthy of the Freshman Class is getting along with his political affairs. How does he like holding class meetings?

Last minute flash: The proud strut on Robert Turner just now is due to the fact that he just got his driving license.



## ATHLETICS



*Robert Mattheson, '42*

### FOOTBALL

Coach Cavalieri opened his football season early this year when he called out all football candidates on August 29. About 35 boys, led by Captain Tom Pendlebury, turned out for the first practice. After two weeks of hard work in the sweltering heat, the squad dropped to around 26 men.

Although most of last year's first string were lost through graduation, the squad still retained such veterans as Art Banker, Bill Lafond, Edward Garneau, Red Greenwood, and Bobby Sullivan. Other experienced lettermen on hand were Americ Lanni, Hall, Giragosian, Martin, Ranfone, and Doherty.

The team suffered a severe setback when Captain Tommy Pendlebury, a seasoned veteran and capable leader, was declared ineligible to play because of age. Although Tom cannot play, he is there helping and advising the younger boys, and giving his moral support to the team.

The schedule opened on September 17, when we met the Howe High School team of Billerica on our own field. The coach announced his starting lineup as follows: Miller or Summers, le; Sullivan, lt; Hall, lg; Ranfone, c; Giragosian, rg; A. Lanni, rt; Martin, re; Banker, qb; Lafond, lhb; Garneau or Yule, rhb; Greenwood, fb. Art Banker was chosen as acting captain in Captain-elect Tom Pendlebury's place.

The game resulted in a victory for Johnson with a score of 12 to 6. Although new to us, the Howe team proved to be quite capable opponents, and actually outplayed Johnson in the first half of the game. After a snappy pep talk between halves, however, the Johnson team came back determined to win and the score was soon tied. Later, Johnson put the game on ice with another touchdown.

This is the first time that we have played a Howe team for some time, and we hope that any future relation will continue to be just as sportsmanlike and successful.

On the following Saturday we played host to the Holten High School of Danvers, with the score ending one-sidedly in favor of the visitors 26-6. Johnson tried hard, but our home-team boys were no equals



for their opponents. Danvers presented a heavy, experienced team with a large number of reserves that gradually wore down our team. Johnson scored late in the game when a pass from Yule to Martin clicked for a touchdown.

On October 1, Johnson traveled to the Memorial Stadium in Lawrence to oppose the Central Catholic High School team in a game packed with thrills and excitement. Not daunted by their recent defeat, the Johnson boys tightened their belts and went to town to come out on top 6-0. The game was exciting and fast with both teams playing good hard football. Both teams battled fiercely back and forth over the field. The game remained a deadlock, however, until well along in the game when Jimmy Yule whipped a pass to George Martin. Tucking the ball under his arm, Georgie ran it over for the only score of the game.

The Johnson line, led by Bob Sullivan, played well on the defense, while Jimmy Yule led the offensive attack. Both teams were well coached and showed plenty of pep, power, and resourcefulness, but the better team came home the victor, *nicht wahr?*

The game was broadcast from the local radio station WLAW and it proved a very interesting and entertaining feature. From all viewpoints it was a grand game!

On Columbus Day, October 12, Johnson again journeyed away, this time to oppose the powerful Methuen High eleven. The Blue and White proved too much for our Red Raiders and we went down to defeat to the tune of 26-0. The Methuen team was heavy and experienced and we were unable to stop their hard running attack. Johnson tried des-

perately and twice passes put them well into Methuen territory, but hampered by the removal of Sullivan and Greenwood from the game by the officials, and repeatedly penalized, the Johnson boys were unable to cross that last white marker.

The game was rough and marked with bitter rivalry and high tension. The conflict flared into the open when punches were heartily exchanged between players of the two teams, (and also between others).

On the next Saturday, Johnson welcomed the St. John's High School team of Danvers and walked away with the game 19-0. Although the visitors had high hopes for retaliation for last year's defeat they proved no match for our determined team. The first part of the game was fairly even, with both teams resorting frequently to kicking. In the second quarter a pass to Bing Miller scored our first touchdown and we were off. Later, George Martin snared another pass for our second tally. Toward the end of the game, Red Greenwood intercepted a pass and ran the ball back in a snake-hipping run for another score. The game proved a good one for the subs, and the hearts of all Johnson beat happily, for every sub was sent into the game.

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### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Johnson girls, along with teams from the other schools in the Lowell Suburban League, are playing two court basketball this year. Two-court is played in all women's colleges, and is gaining in popularity in high schools. Another innovation will be the use of two referees in each game.

Practice started October 31. The following veterans have returned: Marcia Barker, Mae Barnes, Madeline Cashman, Barbara Dearden,



Katherine Earl, Shirley Harrison, Frances McRobbie, Elaine Kelly, Helen Lang, Anna Mackie, Lillian Maker, Mary McCallion, Marion McClung, Helen Polichnowski.

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### KRAZY KORNER

Miss Jenson: "Elaine, is there much food value in dates?"

Miss E. Kelly: "That all depends on whom they are with."

A college weekly carries the following item:

"Found: A roll of five dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the north entrance of my office."

"Who the blazes told you to plant those homely petunias?"

"Your wife, sir."

"Pretty, aren't they?"

Gunnery Officer: "See that man on that bridge over there three miles away?"

Gunner: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "Let him have a couple of 75's in the eye."

Gunner: "Which eye, sir?"

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" howled the humorous judge just before delivering a death sentence. "You'll die when you hear this one!"

Coach Cavalieri: a fellow who will gladly lay down your life for the school.

Optimist: One who expects to pass physics the first time he takes it.

We are indebted to several issues of the two M. I. T. magazines "The Tech" and "Woo Doo" for the above classics.

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